

THE NATION

APRIL 29, 1961 . . 25c

THE CUBA TRAP

Ronald Hilton

Project Mercury

Is This Trip Necessary?

John Kay Adams

Peace Walks are Good for You

Wade Thompson

JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE

LETTERS

Doctor Shortage

Dear Sirs: May I add two footnotes to Dr. George Silver's excellent article of March 18 on the doctor shortage?

First, it's worth pondering that Sweden, whose morbidity statistics are much better than ours, has fewer doctors per population than we have. The basic reason is that Swedish medical care has been stabilized on a preventive basis. People go to the doctor not when they're sick, but when they're well, just as Americans visit their dentist routinely. In face of the high cost of medical care in Sweden as here, this orientation for medical care is possible only under a system of socialized medicine.

Second, behind all Dr. Silver's interesting figures on the doctor shortage lies a fundamental question as to the validity of such measurements. The trouble is that we are obliged to measure the doctor shortage in terms of how many people in fact go to doctors. That is, we are measuring supply and demand in a situation where personal finances are an unknown factor. We are most certainly not measuring actual need.

The gap between need and demand can be seen in the British experience where, in the first year of the National Health Service, eight and one-quarter million pairs of eyeglasses were prescribed. Glasses are pre-eminently something one postpones for financial reasons. . . .

New York City

R. W. TUCKER

Almena Lomax

Dear Sirs: Let me express my love and respect for Almena Lomax (*The Nation*, March 25) and her decision to migrate to the South; and let me tell of my pride in being a Negro when I read of such responsible and unselfish behavior.

Here is a talented, sensitive and articulate woman who chooses not to join the swelling ranks of the Negro middle class. (I refer not merely to the economic group which comprises this class, but to the attitude of mind which it fosters, an attitude which finds a solution to all mortal ills in the possession of two cars, two television sets, radios and a good home.)

Is life in the enlightened North essentially different from that in the South? I say, No! Oh yes, superficially we may enjoy greater freedom (shades of Greenwich Village), but no self-respecting, sensitive Negro is fooled by the subtleties of Northern segregation.

But all is not lost. For daily we perceive an uneasiness in these middle-class ranks that perhaps "all's not right with the world" after all. One of the immediate reasons for this has been the unrest on the African continent.

I place Almena Lomax among those human beings whose continual presence in every generation is necessary if life is to be worth living. SHIRLEE EVELYN Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: It is not easy to object to Mrs. Lomax's article. There can be no argument about the justice of her cause. I have serious doubts, however, about the way she uses her ideas. . . . The world has always been made richer by idealists; I cannot believe, however, that such people have the right to impose their self-sacrifice on others. I am thinking not only of the many Negroes in the North who either lack the strength or egotism to do what Mrs. Lomax has done, or simply prefer to enjoy somewhat more of what they have been denied in the past. I am thinking also of her six children, who have been deprived of a father and forced into a situation which can only hamper their development. She would impose a sense of guilt on every Negro who lacks her dedication to ideas and unconcern for a family's needs. Self-sacrifice is only noble when it is self-imposed.

Chicago, Ill.

PETER MILES

FBI Accuracy

Dear Sirs: In "Better Not to Think of It" (editorial in the April 15 issue), *The Nation* finds some comfort in reassurances by the FBI's Richard D. Auerbach and William C. Sullivan that American universities are not overrun with Communists. Actions speak louder than words. . . . Both Auerbach and Sullivan bear a major part of the responsibility for one of the most factually inaccurate documents ever printed and distributed by the United States Government: "Communist Target-Youth, a Report of J. Edgar Hoover." Much of the false information for that part of the report dealing with the student demonstrations against the House Un-American Activities Committee in San Francisco emanated from Auerbach's office and passed through his hands. Sullivan, as head of the FBI's report-writing division, bears major responsibility for the falsifications.

In the April issue of *The Californian*, ten major errors of fact in the "Hoover Report," as it is generally known, are documented. Since this was a mere sampling, I am quite confident that

triple that number of major errors can be documented. . . . When Sullivan is man enough to admit the errors and stop the use of the falsified report, I will take more comfort in his statements than you do. BURTON H. WOLFE, San Francisco, Calif. "The Californian"

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EDITORIALS

Operation Cuba

I. The Phantom Invasion

Spirit has triumphed over flesh, and mind over matter: 5,000 men can launch an invasion of Cuba without bases, without transport, without arms and without money. Or so one would assume from the headlines based on the steady stream of manifestoes, releases, proclamations and ultimatums that issued from the office of Lem Jones Associates, Inc., of Madison Avenue, in the name of the Cuban Revolutionary Council. If the headlines were taken at face value, Operation Cuba would be the most marvelous military achievement of the century, one which promised to revolutionize the art of war more radically than the atom bomb.

Readers of the headlines not addicted to a belief in pure magic might wonder, in view of the statements of Secretary Rusk in Washington and Adlai Stevenson at the United Nations, just how the invaders could get where the headlines said they were without substantial assistance from someone. For example, many Americans go to a bank or a loan company when they need money. Is this necessary? *Newsweek*, April 24, p. 62, says that in the Cuban Army of Liberation single men receive \$175 a month, married men \$225 plus \$25 for each child. This does not make them mercenaries, as the crude-minded Castro broadcasters allege, but they are certainly the best-paid freedom fighters in recent history. Where did the money come from? Did the Revolutionary Council, operating out of the Lexington Hotel in New York, collect it in nickels and dimes from the passers-by? Or did the United Fruit Company, American & Foreign Power, Freeport Sulphur, American Sugar Refining and other American concerns which have suffered in Cuba lend a helping hand? There is no evidence that generosity thus overcame them, but, under the free enterprise system, it is conceivable. Then there is the remarkable Central Intelligence Agency, a darling of the Congress, rich in appropriations, with an elastic budget and practically no accounting procedures.

Accepting the headlines at face value, it would seem that the statements of Messrs. Rusk and Stevenson

would be believed by everybody up to the third grade of elementary school, but not beyond.

And yet there may be more to the denials of these gentlemen than a first reaction would indicate. A story in *The Wall Street Journal* of April 20 is suggestive. Perhaps there was no invasion in any meaningful sense of the term. For it appeared as of last week's closing that the invading army of 5,000 may have been no more than a few hundred — "pitifully small" — so that what we have been presented with, if not a hoax, may well have been the next thing to one. But if so, then the great press build-up, "the carefully fostered popular impression" (*The Wall Street Journal's* phrase), of a large-scale invasion was scarcely more than a Madison Avenue gimmick designed to frighten the wits out of the bearded Castro and his cohorts. From the outset the whole affair has had an air of wild improvisation about it, as though the Revolutionary Council and its advisers were trying to force President Kennedy's hand in some way not apparent from the published accounts. Conjecturing, the host nation (Guatemala?) may have fixed a deadline for the launching of Operation Cuba; or the President's statement of April 13, disclaiming any intention of direct intervention, may have alarmed the Council; or the CIA and Pentagon briefings may have grown more insistent. In any case, it is clear that the invasion, so-called, must have been based on faulty intelligence, namely, on the expectation that the Cubans would "rise" in response; or it must have been launched in an effort to create a situation which would force direct American intervention despite the President's statement.

For example, *The Wall Street Journal* points out that "There is convincing evidence that the U.S. did its best to discourage" the view that the Revolutionary Council could force our hand by any invasion. "There's reason to believe," to quote from the story, "that the President's flat renunciation of armed intervention, 'under any circumstances,' may have been aimed mostly at rebel leaders' ears; for the sake of appearances in the world at large, nothing so final need have been said."

There had, of course, been previous, circumstantially convincing stories of a sharp division within the Administration on Operation Cuba. It is difficult to break

off operations that have been plotted and planned for a long time and which continue to receive insistent support from entrenched military and intelligence bureaucracies and when commitments have been made to exiles and refugees. So, for the sake of appearances, and for "honor's" sake, an effort was made to tidy up Operation Cuba: the bases in Florida, Louisiana and Texas were closed out some weeks ago, and on April 10 reports appeared that the last of the anti-Castro pilots had taken off for their secret training camp "to heed a call by the Cuban Revolutionary Council for a second war of liberation." It was on the heels of these events that the President issued his April 13 statement.

If some such conjecture proves sound — i.e., that the Revolutionary Council or some combination of events as yet undisclosed forced the Administration's hand — the surrealistic quality of the shameful operation is to some extent dispelled. Otherwise, one can only conclude that Messrs. Rusk and Stevenson, and even the President, had trespassed flagrantly on our credulity. In any case, the phantom invasion remains a grotesque blunder, and not less so even if it turns out to be true that the President had resolved from the outset not to permit direct intervention. And if he had indeed made this decision, his firmness and good faith will be tested by what he now does.

II. The Role of the Press

The American press, including TV and radio, is strongly cold-war-minded. Yet, if it were not for the press, the American people would know substantially nothing of the role of their government in manning, financing and organizing Operation Cuba. Government, at all levels, has been less than frank. But in general, and after a slow start, a good job was done not only by the respected newspapers, but by some that are little esteemed in liberal and intellectual circles. *The Nation*, thanks to Dr. Ronald Hilton (p. 364), led the disclosures with its account of the mysterious air base in Guatemala in its issue of November 19, 1960. The CIA, we have no doubt, was embarrassed, but the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* and the *Los Angeles Mirror* verified the story within a few weeks and *The New York Times* did so on January 10. Since the first of the year, the *Miami Herald*, *The New York Times* and other dailies, as well as the news weeklies, have provided detailed accounts of the preparations for invasion. The *New York Daily News* ran a series of five articles under the title "Countdown for Castro," rejoicing in the impending fall of the detested dictator, but also providing considerable information on how he was to be brought down and by whom. CBS was best among the networks.

All this publicity displeased not only the CIA, but also some luminaries of the press. Walter Winchell, in his April 9 column in the *New York Mirror*, asked,

"Should the press observe voluntary security? Yes. Everyone knew that Cuban patriots were training in Florida. But it took *The New York Times* to put it on the front page where it can be used against our country." Winchell's scouts were not earning their pay; they should have warned him that the *Mirror* itself, on April 12, would run an "exclusive" across five columns atop page 2: "Anti-Castro Army Raised Here." The story described in detail a recruiting center run at 341 West 45th Street in open defiance of federal statutes.

Nevertheless, Winchell cannot be alone in his feeling that the press should suppress news in the interest of the government (which is assumed to be identified with the national interest). Nor is he the first; rather, he comes of a long, if not distinguished, line. In 1851, by what would now be known as a "Guatemala-type operation," Louis Napoleon upset the French constitution and made himself Emperor in fact if not in name. Palmerston quickly approved the coup. The *London Times* denounced it and denounced Palmerston for approving it, and a great cry went up that something should be done about the press, which, said Lord Derby, "in these days . . . aspires to share the influence of statesmen." The rejoinder of the *Times* still stands as a classic. It denied that the purpose of a newspaper is

. . . to share the labors of statesmanship, or that it is bound by the same duties, the same liabilities as Ministers of the Crown. The purposes and duties of the two powers are constantly separate, generally independent, sometimes diametrically opposite. The dignity and freedom of the Press are trammelled from the moment it accepts an ancillary position. . . . The press can enter into no close or binding alliances with the statesmen of the day, nor can it surrender its permanent interests to the convenience of the ephemeral power of any Government. The first duty of the press is to obtain the earliest and most correct intelligence of the events of the time, and instantly, by disclosing them, to make them the common property of the nation. The statesman collects his information secretly and by secret means; he keeps back even the current intelligence of the day with ludicrous precautions. . . . The Press lives by disclosures.

The American press did not do all that it might have done in briefing the American people about Operation Cuba, but its disclosures, limited and tardy as they were, have been of vital importance. Will the press now help the President to extricate himself, and us, from a perilous and compromising position by disclosing even more? Or will it attempt to whip up public sentiment for direct intervention? Never before have the people stood in greater need of a free, critical and inquiring press. "I owe it to my conscience," wrote Sir Compton MacKenzie in *The Nation* of December 5, 1959, "to declare that the effect of Intelligence work on international understanding is perhaps the greatest threat facing peace today." The danger can be minimized if the press will focus a great deal more attention

than it has on the incredible misadventures of the Central Intelligence Agency. First Laos, then the U-2, and now Cuba. This is the baseball season and three such strikes should put out Allen Dulles and the CIA.

III. A Question of Ethics

In the March 31 issue of *Science*, Peter H. Odégaard concludes a review of John W. Spanier's *American Foreign Policy Since World War II* with two questions and an answer: "Must we abandon the liberal and humane values which have been our heritage to achieve security against Communist infiltration, subversion and conquest? Must we, in a word, lose our souls to save our skins? I think not." This sums up the objections to the American machinations in Cuba. The fact that these are ethical in nature does not detract from their practicality; the dichotomy is an illusion. The United States purports to be a democracy. It must, then, behave like one. It cannot act in the fashion of an autocracy and expect to get away with it. It cannot excuse its own misbehavior because of the misdeeds of others. The nations expect more of a democracy: It must live up to its pretensions, on pain of losing whatever credit it has gained in the past.

In the Cuban situation, the behavior of the Castro Cubans has been far from impeccable, the Soviets have taken advantage of the opportunity our own mistakes gave them — mistakes admitted in the Schlesinger indictment but quickly forgotten — while our CIA began conspiring even before 1960 to overthrow Castro by the maneuvers which have now reached a climax. There is, indeed, guilt enough for everyone. The world, and Latin America in particular, will not overlook the gap between our preachments and our actions. Nor can we excuse ourselves on the ground of military necessity. American power is supreme in the Caribbean. If communism has a foothold ninety miles from our shores, we have air bases and rocket sites ninety miles from theirs; in fact, we have a naval base and air strips on their shore. If Castro attacked another Latin American country, we could soon stop him, and no one would blame us. But we shall be blamed for waging, by proxy, a preventive war, the timing of which was determined by the notion that this was the last chance to bring Castro down easily and quickly.

Secretary Rusk said, "What happens in Cuba is for the Cuban people to decide," but he has arrogated to himself, or on behalf of Allen W. Dulles, the role of the Cuban people's guardian. Suppose they do not behave as docile wards? Will we accept their verdict, or will we throw in more arms and men and money, still by proxy at first, and finally, when the farce becomes too obvious, will we wield the big stick in American uniforms? Even if a large number of Cubans had "risen" to join the invaders, would the problem have been solved

to our credit? Wouldn't the blood of the winners then flow as Castro defectors fought it out with the conservatives who never wanted any part of Castro? And what would the victors have done to the vanquished in the eighteen months before the promised elections? No love would have accrued to us under these circumstances, and no respect from either side. Our traditional values remain the best guide to a successful policy.

The Power over the Power Elite

Five years ago, C. Wright Mills charged that the power elite — a combine of industrial and military brass — constituted an urgent threat to democracy. Last week a fair-sized contingent of this power elite convened at Chicago's Sherman Hotel for three days. But there was little to indicate that the 1,500 industrialists, military men and educators present were undermining the democratic process. On the contrary, it could be argued that the democratic process was undermining them.

The conference was sponsored by an earnest anti-Communist outfit known as the Institute for American Strategy which, since its founding in 1955, has been operating on the thesis that we are in a war unto death with the Communist world with no possibility of a *détente*. The institute fits admirably into Mr. Mills's definition of the power elite. Its activities are always endorsed by a government agency (for instance, it has held two "Strategy Seminars" at the National War Academy under the auspices of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and the Secretary of Defense; its conference last week was held in cooperation with the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare). Its directors constitute almost a Who's Who in corporate and military brass: Robert E. Wood, retired chairman of Sears Roebuck; Rear Admiral Rawson Bennett, Chief of Naval Research; John M. Fisher, chairman of the board of the American Security Council; Lt.-Gen. George W. Munday, commandant of the Industrial College of the Armed Forces, etc., etc.

Subject of the conference was "Education and Freedom in a World of Conflict." The sole outcome, after three days of debate featured by a half-hundred speakers and a dozen panel discussions, was a vague resolution calling on the nation's educators to alert students to the insidious nature of Marxism. A faltering tune, indeed, to emerge from so much brass. Why the inhibition? A spokesman for the institute furnished an explanation to a newsman: "This isn't one of those witch-hunting organizations. Maybe we get a few daffy ones occasionally, but in an organization this big, you can't be sure of everybody. For all I know, we have one or two peace walkers, too." In other words, in recognition of the changing temper of the times, the institute has moved Left to make room for the John Birch Society and the lunatic fringe. There is a power even over the power elite.

THE CUBA TRAP . . by Ronald Hilton

The author of this article, who is director of the Institute of Hispanic American and Luso-Brazilian Studies at Stanford University, can rightfully lay claim, on his own behalf and that of his institute, to having repeatedly scooped the world on developments in Castro's Cuba and American policies towards it. It was on information supplied by Mr. Hilton that The Nation was able to inform the American public last Nov. 19 of the existence in Guatemala of a training base for anti-Castro guerrillas.

Mr. Hilton wrote this article three days after the landing — or landings — in Cuba, and while the military situation there was still obscured by conflicting reports.

EDITORS

THE HEADLINES scream, "D-Day for Cuba," and the accompanying articles detail the preparations which have been made with the connivance of the United States. No one now attempts seriously to deny the facts of the enterprise and the degree of U. S. involvement. Yet only in October of last year, when the *Hispanic American Report* staff gave the details of these preparations while the U. S. daily press and the news agencies said nothing, a discordant chorus of denials was heard. The explanations given were conflicting and utterly unconvincing. In retrospect, it appears that the various governments and agencies involved in the plans were lying, with an abundance of contradictory prevarications such as this writer has very seldom witnessed.

Why were we kept uninformed, and why did an academic journal like the *Hispanic American Report* have to perform tasks which should have been carried out by the daily press and by the news agencies? The first explanation is that newspaper publishers belong to the power elite, and encourage the suppression of news dangerous to that elite. In this they are abetted by the government, which lets it be known what stories should not be published. It is therefore not surprising, although it is deeply disturbing, that for the first time the International Press Institute in Switzerland has described

the U. S. press as not being free, since official suppression of the news keeps the American public in partial darkness.

Finally, in a handful of critical cases, foreign correspondents of American news agencies have been proven to be in the pay of some local governments and have learned how to keep their eyes closed. Despite all this, be it said in fairness that the American press is possibly the least bad in the world. [See editorial on the press, page 362. — Ed.]

Be all this as it may, we are suddenly in a position where the chorus of denials has died down except for U. S. official statements which convince no serious observer. An invasion of Cuba was undertaken with little realization among the public of the implications of any given course of action. There are basically three possibilities.

1: Direct Intervention

The first would be for direct U. S. intervention in support of the invasion. Although it was frequently said that direct intervention would occur in certain circumstances, such as the establishment of Communist rocket bases in the island, President Kennedy recently affirmed that in no circumstances would the United States follow such a course. His advisers have calculated that there is little chance of the USSR's or Communist China's trying to use Cuba as a military base, since it would present for them difficulties comparable to those Laos presents for the United States. However, in the highly unlikely case that they should do so, it would be difficult for the United States to raise objections of principle when we have similar bases close to Russia.

The U. S.-sponsored anti-Communist resolution approved at the Caracas conference of American states in 1954 was used as a pretext for indirect action, as in Guatemala, but not for direct intervention. Should it occur, whatever the pretext, a shudder would run down the spine of Latin America, and the United States would appear not as a savior,

but as an aggressor. Fear of the Big Stick is just below the surface throughout Latin America, and a Hungary-style move would lose for us the sympathy of the Latin American and Afro-Asian nations and thereby their precious votes in the United Nations and the Organization of American States. A cynic might argue that if circumstances suggested that direct intervention by the United States was desirable, President Kennedy's statement would be forgotten. Be that as it may, it is significant that he should have made it.

2: Indirect Intervention

The second course, which at this writing is being followed by the United States, is to confine our efforts to promoting an invasion by groups which have received our stamp of approval. This is in direct defiance of the Charter of the Organization of American States, and there is a sharp contradiction in the way we happily break the charter and U. S. law for our chosen instruments, while we arrest as lawbreakers Rolando Masferrer and others who have not received our stamp of approval. (The United States Government has shown little concern for the legalities of this situation, even though at times it can become very legalistic indeed.)

Since we have aroused little sympathy by promoting an invasion by exiles, we would do well to ask the pragmatic question, "Will it work?" Certainly such an invasion will not be a walk-over, as was the Guatemalan campaign of Castillo Armas. The people of Cuba are not the peaceful Indians of Guatemala, who in politics simply follow their *caciques*. The Cuban people are given to political violence inconceivable in Guatemala. Anyone who has seen a Cuban mob shouting "*Patria o muerte!*" must realize that it would be a stroke of luck or an indication of a surprising change if opposition simply collapsed the moment the invasion began.

There is little doubt that an invasion of Cuba was planned for the

end of last year. It was postponed, however, for three reasons. The first was that the analysis prepared by the staff of the *Hispanic American Report* had a repercussion on informed opinion throughout the world. The second was that the Central Intelligence Agency was a victim of the dollar shortage which developed at the end of the Eisenhower administration. The third was that there was such disunity among the exile groups that effective united action seemed impossible.

The U.S. counselors of the exile groups may be congratulated because they have hammered out a unity of aims and even of structure among the moderate groups willing to establish in Cuba the kind of American-style democracy we would like to have in the island. However, we are compelled to ask how strong is the weapon forged on the American anvil.

While only time and an opportunity to govern Cuba could provide the necessary test, two considerations should be borne in mind. The first is that the unity of aims is not very real. Leaving aside the small number of exiles who wish to return to a Batista-style regime, we are faced with everything from the conservative capitalism, of which Carlos Todd is the most vocal spokesman, to what might be called the "*Fidelismo sin Fidel*" of Manuel Ray, just as some *peronistas* in Argentina want *peronismo* without Perón. (The comparison may be odious, since the *peronistas* are scalawags, while Manuel Ray, whether one likes his ideas or not, is a noble spokesman for the Cuban revolution.)

THE SECOND consideration is that the downfall of Batista was brought about by an alliance among conflicting factions not unlike the unity movement which has just been established among the anti-Castro groups in exile. Out of this alliance, Castro rose somewhat unexpectedly to take over Cuba. History might well repeat itself, i.e., the leadership could well be seized by the most daring and successful captain in disregard of the politicians' planning in Miami. Fresh conflict, similar to the present one, might then emerge. In any case,

April 29, 1961

A Canadian View Of the United States Role in Cuba



"Need Any Help?"

Cuba will be lucky if it escapes another blood bath, and it would be unfortunate if the United States were held responsible.

Recollections of the Mexican Revolution constantly come to mind. One of the ingredients of anti-American nationalism in Mexico is the belief that the United States, whose relations with Porfirio Díaz had been similar to our relations with Batista, was responsible for the attempt to restore the old order with Huerta and was the *agent provocateur* in the assassination of Madero. From all this, Madero has emerged as a national martyr and a symbol of the revolution. If he had lived, he might well have become a pathetic and forgotten figure; he was, like Fidel, not a very good politician; like Fidel, he was slightly unbalanced.

In his predictions of things to come, Drew Pearson has announced that Fidel Castro will be assassinated. Lacking Pearson's deep insight into Latin American affairs, we suspect that this announcement really exposed the wishful thinking of large sectors of the American public. Would Castro's death at the hands of groups regarded as instruments of U.S. imperialism really help our cause? If the new regime failed, as the Huerta regime failed in Mexico, Castro would appear as a martyr, and for generations he would focus anti-American senti-

ments with a posthumous charismatic power similar to that of the national hero Martí, who died in the fight against Spanish imperialism.

NOTHING succeeds like success, and if a U.S.-sponsored regime, provided with all the assistance we could give it, brought the millennium to Cuba, Castro might well be forgotten as a brief nightmare in Cuban history. There are, however, three other possible outcomes. The first would be the renewal of the blood bath, with the United States generally held responsible. The second would be the establishment of a shabby regime which would arouse the derision of the hemisphere (after all, the "hero" Castillo Armas has been followed by the clown, Ydígoras Fuentes). A third eventuality which cannot be overlooked is the failure of the filibusters.

Cuban history is full of filibustering expeditions from the United States which have failed. Even though we may arm the anti-Castro groups to the teeth, we have no guarantee that they will succeed militarily. If they fail, the United States will lose face in an almost irreparable way.

We are told that it is now or never. The Castro regime has reportedly been training jet pilots behind the iron curtain and will soon be so strong militarily that it will be hard

to dislodge it. Certain of Kennedy's advisers hold this viewpoint, and it seems certain that the White Paper on Cuba was issued at this time to provide the necessary ideological justification for a military venture, should it occur. Kennedy himself said in a television interview on April 12 that Castro would become an even greater danger unless the United States acts now.

No one knows at this juncture what decision Kennedy will take regarding intervention in Cuba. It is not known how far he is prepared to go in supporting the invasion. The possibility of any collective action against Castro can be disregarded, since this proposal has met with a cold reception throughout Latin America.

3: The Waiting Game

If the invasion "succeeds," we are faced with the possible outcomes listed above. If it fails, and we do not wish to intervene directly, we shall be reduced to waiting, while the United States stands indicted before the world of lying. Stevenson has lied in the United Nations; and for me, henceforth, he is just another politician (unless we revert to the classic definition of a diplomat as a man prepared to lie for his country). Perhaps waiting will be the best policy. I think of the Argentine and the Bolivian revolutions; we tried a head-on diplomatic attack, and succeeded only in arousing antagonism. Circumstances forced us to wait, and we have seen the most vehement Yankee-phobes, namely Perón and Juan Lechín, turn to the United States for assistance. Incredible though it may seem, Fidel Castro may some day turn to the United States to receive assistance, or at least to reach a *modus vivendi*. In either case, the United States would have achieved its aim without building up for this country a historic legacy of hatred. Whether such a course will now be possible depends on the outcome of the invasion that started last week.

There is another reason why it behooves the United States to exercise patience. Let us revert to the earlier question about the American press. I was in Cuba after the U. S. press

began its concerted attack on Fidel Castro, an inevitable outcome of Castro's attacks on U. S. business interests. Like many other uncommitted observers, I was struck by the contrast between what the American press reported and the Cuban situation as I observed it myself. At this juncture, I learned to be skeptical of what the U. S. press told me about Cuba. The chief of the propaganda department of the Cuban Foreign Office had the stubs of checks to prove that the representatives of American news services were in the pay of Batista. This was hard to believe, but on a recent trip through Central America I found that in several countries the representative of an American news agency received about \$100 a month in regular salary—and almost ten times as much as an honorarium from the local government. Little wonder then that our reporting has not been all that we might have wished.

The doubt assails me: is the American press reporting accurately now on developments in Cuba? Certainly a year ago it was not; it was full of sins of omission. Little was said of the constructive efforts of the Castro regime. Could the same be true today? Certainly many Latin Americans, indeed many Europeans, Asians and Africans, believe that in order to defend U. S. economic interests, which may in themselves have been in many cases quite respectable, our press has mounted a propaganda barrage which is intended to provide a smoke screen for a U. S.-sponsored invasion of Cuba. Suppose these all-too-numerous critics of our foreign policy are correct. Would it not be wise to avoid giving them a justification for their skepticism?

A FEW general considerations may be derived from this exposition. The first is that the United States will almost certainly emerge from the current situation with a tarnished reputation. Our equivocations have unquestionably reduced our prestige throughout the world. For this we must thank the power elite in New York and Washington which really runs the affairs of this country. The

fact that this power elite now has one small foot in Harvard does not really change the situation; there is less understanding of Latin America in Harvard than there is in Southern Illinois University. It is amazing that President Kennedy should think that a three weeks' tour of Latin America makes Professor Schlesinger an expert.

Our universities in general are scarcely better equipped than Wall Street to understand Latin America. They are built up around a series of competing departments whose heads are usually less well informed and responsible in international affairs than are the semi-literate captains of U. S. industry. In consequence, our universities are as well prepared to meet the international challenge of the contemporary age as were the universities of the late Middle Ages to face the implications of the Renaissance. If something fits within the present structure of American universities, as for example nuclear physics does, our university system is more or less equal to the occasion. In the field of U. S. relations with other countries, the problems do not fit neatly into our university departmental structures. Be it noted that our vast and complicated educational machinery has not produced one single competent specialist in Cuban affairs except for the Stanford Institute of Hispanic American and Luso-Brazilian Studies.

Our relations with Cuba, indeed with all of Latin America, will be soured for a generation. Having failed now, we must think of the next generation. Our universities, by reforming their archaic structure, must make it possible for us to develop an intelligent interest in the other peoples of the world, including Latin America. Unfortunately, even if we succeed in this endeavor, it seems unlikely that Latin American universities will make the necessary effort and undergo the changes required to allow them to develop an intelligent and sympathetic interest in the United States. Much as we like to blame the business community and governments for our misunderstanding, the universities of the world must bear their full share of responsibility for today's turmoil.

IS THIS TRIP NECESSARY? . . . by John Kay Adams

YURI GAGARIN'S orbital junket took him around the earth in eighty-nine minutes and brought him back a live hero. Russians went wild with joy. The world compared Gagarin to Columbus, Magellan and Lindbergh—a sweeping glorification which overlooks the fact that Columbus, Magellan and Lindbergh had to steer their ships.

Sir Bernard Lovell, director of Britain's Jodrell Bank Observatory, spoke more accurately when he said: "This is the greatest scientific achievement in the history of man." (Sir Bernard might have substituted the word "engineering" for "scientific," but this is a minor discrepancy.)

What counts is that the Russian rocket men put the first man in space—and not only in space, but in orbit, a performance the United States simply cannot duplicate until we have a bigger rocket.

The significance of the development for us is that our own Project Mercury, as now constituted, can be abandoned forthwith. There is no reason to fire an American on a short ballistics flight. We can, if we will, withdraw from this part of the man-into-space race, a game we have been playing under Communist rules corresponding to Russian roulette.

Project Mercury started a long time ago, as the space age is measured. The contention originally was that launching an astronaut into space, and eventually into orbit, would contribute substantially to man's knowledge of the universe. But gradually the project turned from the scientific to the sensational, and took on characteristics of horse opera. The emotional drama had good-guy Americans and bad-guy Russians thundering through Indian country way out there. True to the formula, the good guys were behind and in terrible trouble. The villains tricked them into an ambush, and the savages were about to burn the good

guys at the stake. It was time for the hero to ride up.

Too bad real life isn't more like television. In reality, it is possible that the noble hero will keep trying until he, too, burns at the stake, or in this case, on the launching pad of a space vehicle.

IN OUR excitement over rocketry, we have lost sight of our primary objective. Americans have a significant heritage. Our shot heard 'round the world was fired at Concord Bridge and not at Cape Canaveral. We are people who believe in life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. We are people who stand for the divine dignity of man. We value, above all, the life of a human being. This is what we have to say to others.

Project Mercury would force us to amend our message. After blast-off, we could continue to argue that Americans are humanitarians, but we would have to concede that we make exceptions for astronauts. Even if our man returns alive, we would have allowed a young American to take part in a weird launching-pad ritual sacrifice to propitiate the god of materialism.

This is a big price to pay to cut the Russian lead in space. It would represent a tremendous moral setback, and morality is our greatest strength. How odd that this point has been overlooked in the multi-million-dollar hoopla over Redstones,

Atlases, space capsules and space chimps!

The tragedy is that we built our own trap by accident. Since Project Mercury was conceived, we have sent up dozens of satellites. Advances in electronic miniaturization have helped us acquire much information about space. These facts were collected with unique new instrument packages. The scientific purpose of shooting up a man at this time is certainly open to challenge, especially when we see that an anthropoid can handle the job.

SOME OF THE nation's most distinguished scientists have spoken against launching a man at this time. One of them was Dr. Vannevar Bush, Chairman of the Board of Governors of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, who headed the office of Scientific Research and Development in World War II. A year ago, Dr. Bush warned that space was overemphasized and that there was too much "hullabaloo" over propaganda aspects of the space program.

Russian achievements have "hurt our pride," he said,

... but I do not think it has done us a great deal of injury in our relations with the hesitant nations of the world.

Putting a man in space is a stunt. The man can do no more than an instrument, in fact can do less. The days when men will be in space for long periods and for varied purposes are so far off that we need not hurry on one aspect of their reactions and potential operations. . . .

Let us by all means look forward in every way and not neglect the fact that man may some day even cease to be entirely dependent for his continued existence upon this earth of ours. But let us not go crazy about it.

A similar view was expressed this month on a National Educational Television network program by Dr. James A. Van Allen, head of the Department of Physics at the University of Iowa, and discoverer of the Van Allen band of cosmic ray radiation. Van Allen said a "man is fairly useless in space at present" and the



St. Louis Post-Dispatch

JOHN KAY ADAMS, assistant city editor of The Chicago Sun-Times, has done considerable free-lance writing.

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astronauts are currently "premature."

If, as these experts believe, putting a man in space is "premature" and a "stunt," what about the propaganda aspects? The most charitable thing to say about the public relations work is that it has been poorly managed. Never have so few promised so much and delivered so little.

Unavoidable delays in Project Mercury have produced an unforeseen situation far more serious than any deficiency in mechanical aptitude. Two years ago, seven military test pilots began training to be astronauts. Immediately and inevitably, they became public figures. They and their families have been subject to a public exposure far beyond anything imagined by a Hollywood press agent.

The focus was further sharpened in February when three of the seven were chosen. We are told that these three are superbly qualified by long and arduous training, emotional stability and athletic prowess. Undoubtedly this is true. A man should be in excellent physical condition when he has given his muscles his undivided attention for two years. He also should be grounded thoroughly in the art of pulling levers. There is no question about his emotional stability. Having contemplated a rocket ride every day for two years, by this time he is probably emotionally inert.

There is a false note, of course, in the widely heralded selective process by which the three were chosen: one turns out to be from the Air Force, another from the Navy and the third from the Marines. But then, Pentagon politics never were subtle.

These men are no longer anonymous test pilots. They are famous personalities with loving wives and lovely children. Each is handsome and obviously heroic. Each is eager for a rocket ride. While this test-pilot courage is admirable, is it pertinent? Why should the opinions of these candidates for immortality carry any particular weight in a matter of such great importance to us all?

AS SPONSORS of the production, we also need courage to ask now: "Is this trip necessary?"

The prestige value of the trip has been demolished by Yuri Gagarin

and associates. We should demand solid answers to some hard questions about the purpose of the ride and the reliability of the equipment. We have not been told, nor are we likely to learn, exactly what an astronaut will do aloft. The procedures may be military secrets, or they may be too insignificant to mention.

There is semantic confusion in calling an astronaut a space "pilot." The word pilot implies that he will control the capsule; actually, he can hardly be more than a passive passenger. All critical controls obviously will be automatic. Surely the engineers could not be so careless as to leave vital flight decisions to a man squeezed rigid by multiplied gravitational force—a man fighting desperately to remain conscious.

BY READING beyond the picture captions, we can discover a little bit about the reliability of the machinery. The news is not encouraging. Ham, the chimpanzee, survived his trip last January 31, but there were hairbreadth escapes.

Before the thing got off the ground, there was a hitch. The countdown stopped and Ham lay in his space couch on top of the rocket for six hours. Sub-zero gas was released into the capsule to cool equipment and Ham almost froze.

Ten minutes before blast-off, the electric shocks began. Ham remembered his training and obediently began his lever routine. By pushing levers attached to blue and red lights flashing intermittently, he could cut off the current and avoid the small shocks. The chimp stayed awake and, during the flight, kept right on pushing those familiar levers, except for short intervals during maximum acceleration and deceleration.

He went up on a Redstone, which is an improved but basically old-fashioned rocket designed by the Germans at the end of World War II. It's a good intermediate range rocket, and Wernher Von Braun is justifiably proud of it. Yet Ham's fiery chariot was a smidgen out of whack. The power cut off four-tenths of a second ahead of schedule. This split-second accident set off the rocket escape-tower which held the capsule. Away went Ham, forty miles higher and 1,000 miles

an hour faster than he was supposed to go.

As the capsule plunged back into the atmosphere, the temperature on the outside shot up to 3,000 degrees and the temperature inside hit 90 degrees. The slightest mishap at that point would have produced fried chimp. When he splashed down, sixteen and one-half minutes after departure, he was 130 miles farther out at sea than expected.

There is a lot of cold water in 130 miles of open ocean, but the Navy poured the fuel to every available floating or flying machine. A Marine helicopter fished out the capsule after Ham had been bobbing around for three hours in a leaking tin can. It wasn't announced right away, but the National Aeronautics and Space Administration later acknowledged that there was a foot and a half of water inside the capsule.

Compared to an astronaut, Ham is quite stupid. But he is not dumb enough to get back into one of those things. After the ride, he appeared at a television press conference where two veterinarians tried in vain to put him in a space chimp couch. Ham screeched frantically and hugged his handler around the neck.

THE CHIMP'S ride, when reviewed in detail, was hardly an unqualified success. Yet there seems to be no more talk of dispatching another ten or twenty chimps. This differs from previous announcements. In the comparatively sweetly reasonable atmosphere of January 11, 1961, the director of Project Mercury's Space Task Group called a press conference at Langley Field, Va. He said engineers would run a series of test flights with fully instrumented capsules both empty and with *chimpanzees* (note the plural). The tests were supposed to make sure that the life-support, escape and other mechanisms would operate in space.

The press conference was a little strained, because the project director, Robert R. Gilruth, called it to contradict the report of a special study committee delivered to the then President-elect John F. Kennedy. The committee had come up with a suggestion, unpalatable to Gilruth, that Project Mercury should be re-evaluated. The report indicated

that the Atlas rocket intended to place an astronaut in orbit was a marginal launcher which might not do the job. The committee suggested it might be necessary to turn to alternate launching rockets such as the Titan intercontinental ballistics missile.

Gilruth's answer was that the Atlas could be patched up by reinforcing the adapter ring which fixes the capsule to the missile and by strengthening the upper part of the rocket. His argument was weakened by the fact that an Atlas with a space capsule attached had an accident on July 29, 1960. In the official language of a NASA information officer, "A system malfunction prevented attainment of flight objectives." Translation: It blew up sixty-five seconds off the launching pad and the capsule was lost.

One Atlas successfully lifted an empty capsule on February 21, but in other tests the rocket has displayed a mysterious tendency to blow itself to pieces at about 37,000 feet.

The Russians seem to have skipped the Redstone ballistics-missile step. Their big rockets are powerful enough to send a man into space straight up.

The Russians' propaganda advantage is that all their mistakes are private, while ours are public. Since the Russians can shoot up people in secret, they can announce success when it suits their convenience. As

far as the world knows, Yuri was the first man ever to attempt a rocket ride.

Suppose we succeed in duplicating the chimp's ride with a man aboard a Redstone. The achievement would be in no way comparable to the Russian orbital feat, and there is no substantial prestige to be gained. Whether we like it or not, we must wait for a better rocket—possibly the Saturn, which is still in the shops at Huntsville, Ala. There is no chance of matching the Russian thrust until our big booster becomes available about 1964.

Surely it is better to wait and be prepared rather than to stumble into trouble under pressure. What's the rush now? Caution is not cowardice. In any dangerous undertaking, it is only reasonable to weigh probable gains against possible losses. In this post-Yuri situation, any technical or propaganda gains from a successful Redstone flight would be slight and transitory, while our loss of moral stature might be great and enduring.

Space explorers are optimists and they think big, magnifying the possible gains and ignoring the probable losses. We so discount the possibility of failure that we fail to see its disastrous implications. If our hero is killed, we will be lucky if he meets his end by drowning in the Atlantic; we would still have to photograph

and interview the widow and orphans, of course, but in time the nightmare might fade. But suppose the escape mechanism fails and the rocket explodes on the pad? Then our handsome, heroic celebrity and father would burn to cinders on television. What a spectacular that would be!

The world would say: "We suspected those Americans were second-rate rocket shooters, but we did not know, until now, that they have a bestial disregard for humanity."

AS underwriters of this project, taxpayers have a right to interfere. The Redstone stage of Project Mercury should be canceled or postponed indefinitely. All seven astronauts should be disqualified at once for the perfectly sound reason that they have become too famous to burn in public. We should order the generals and engineers to forget the whole thing until they can produce and test—with chimpanzee passengers—a reliable heavyweight rocket suited to the task.

We can solve our technological problems through a common-sense approach. There is no need to be booby-trapped by Russian pressure or to become entangled in an idiotic publicity production. The man-in-space enterprise always will be dangerous, but it need not be morally suicidal.

PEACE WALKS ARE GOOD for YOU . . . *Wade Thompson*

Providence, R. I.
NOW THAT the huge Easter peace marches have been duly reported on and mulled over, I would like to submit a report on a very, very tiny one that took place here.

First, a few words about this city generally. It is a community of approximately 800,000 people, with a high proportion of Catholics. It is,

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I think, less politically aware than most major cities, but relatively sane in its attitude towards off-beats and left-wingers. That is, you can still be a Democrat and maybe even a pacifist in Providence without being a Communist (though, of course, you're probably a dupe). The *Providence Journal* is an astonishingly liberal paper. For purely formal purposes, it is, as you would expect, Republican — but nobody pays any attention to the formalities. (We all assume that every four years some poor editorial writer has to pull a dirty pillow-case over his head, bolt

down a burning shot of booze, and advise the citizenry to vote for Nixon. But that's the only time our paper makes any concession to Moronity. On every other occasion it takes at least a comprehensible position, and sometimes a downright intelligent one — e.g., it came out strongly for the abolition of HUAC.

With a huge population to draw from, and a relatively sane political climate, you might think that a peace march would stand some chance of collecting quite a crowd — particularly since peace is still a fashionable commodity. Likewise, almost every-

body loves to march — it's a fine old American custom. Logically, therefore, a peace march would be right up the general alley. But no! Peace and marching simply don't mix — at least not in Providence. Despite a week of continuous telephoning, despite newspaper announcements, church announcements, radio announcements and all kinds of other announcements, we could find only forty people who were willing to march — including a jailbird named Chandler Davis (who once laughingly thought his political opinions were his own business and not the business of the HUAC), and a young man only seven months old, named Michael Warner, who had to be assisted most of the way.

Well, the crowd was not impressive in size, but certainly impressive in other ways. Peace marchers are extraordinarily mild and tolerant people. Some of them are deeply religious, others are almost anti-religious (my own pacifism is purely mathematical: one world minus one world leaves no world); but they all seem to feel that violence must be met by non-violence, and that our enemies are practically as human as we are. Before we started our walk, I had planned to give a little speech on the propriety of passivity, but I found it totally unnecessary. "We'll take our licking and go on," said one powerful young man (not the seven-month-old) — and that ended that.

Moreover, peace marchers are surprisingly various. If you think all Americans look alike, you should have seen the motley crew that I managed to collect: one lawyer on crutches, one baby carriage, I don't know how many Quaker bonnets, a couple of college professors, one jailbird, a minister from Rockville, a sexy young thing from New York, one advertiser who figured he would lose his machine-gun account, two painters who had just sold paintings, a juggler and a slew of Democrats.

WELL, why weren't there more? The most obvious reason is the most terrifying. People have faith in armaments. If we keep arming and Russia keeps arming, we can both strike an idyllic balance of terror and everybody will be safe. Collectively, we have the equivalent of at

The Ivan Birchkov Society

In Russia today, one of the most exciting developments,
we are told,
Is the Ivan Birchkov Society.
It is dedicated to rooting out by whatever route,
As its founder states in the Red Book, the Bible (figuratively)
of the organization:
"Capitalists in our midst, who subversively
Have infiltrated our government and our schools
And may even be found on the staffs of our institutes
of higher atheism."
It is the personal opinion of the founder,
Privately expressed to a mere handful of a hundred thousand
personal friends,
That Lenin was a card-carrying capitalist
And Stalin, the weakling, was a tool of Roosevelt,
Stettinius, and Stassen.
As for Khrushchev, he was so dazzled at Camp David
By Eisenhower's personality
That ever since then he has been giving away secrets of
the Russian space program
Through coded messages sent to America via Mikoyan
and Gromyko,
And these, without doubt, are responsible for the current lag
In the Soviet missile program.
Khrushchev, in fact, has become so dangerous to the State
That he is even now,
Behind drawn blinds in the Kremlin,
Perfecting his putting, against the day of the
Capitalist Revolution.
Indeed, he is said to be thinking of doing away with
Mrs. Khrushchev
And marrying into the Kennedy family.
There are those in Russia who deplore the
irresponsible statements
And questionable methods of the Ivan Birchkov Society,
But, after all, it is anti-capitalist.

RICHARD ARMOUR

least twenty tons of TNT for every man, woman and child on earth — so who's going to use them? We've lived together in terror for fifteen years, so let's keep going this way. Peace lies in Power.

Now there are lots and lots of people who don't buy this particular brand of baloney, but who still won't march for peace. Why not? They're afraid. Somebody, somewhere is going to put them on a list which the FBI will hand over to the HUAC, and from then on perdition is certain. I do not exaggerate in the least. I've talked to dozens of my colleagues — men of intellect, men with tenure and security, even men with money — who agree with me completely, but who simply refuse to incur the displeasure of the FBI, or to risk being called a Communist. To my knowledge there aren't any Communists in Providence, but apparent-

ly the place is crawling with G-men. They're even listed in the phone book — brazen as all hell.

Very well, where do you get peace marchers, however rare they may be? Certainly not from the respectable clergy. The Catholic fathers that I talked to obviously did not want to be associated with a non-Catholic enterprise, although they tried very gingerly not to admit it. (Sometimes their circumlocutions were so intricate that I couldn't tell whether they were rejecting the peace march on principles or on practicalities. Most admitted, however, that a Catholic could be obliterated almost as fast as anyone else.) The Protestant divines were every bit as understanding. Some of them bought the peace-by-power theory quite without shame. "You've got to have Power," said one Christ-like Apostle of Eminent Standing. "I've got to have

power even to run my home. The police must have power to enforce the law. If you talk to Communists, you've got to bring a loaded gun to the bargaining table. You'll never get anywhere without Power."

"But if the Power is ever used, it might easily mean the end of the human race."

"All right. So the world is blown apart — God is still God."

Among the more meek and unworthy divines, many argued that they would be making a public spectacle of themselves, and hence would lose the respect of their parishioners. I pointed out that Jesus Christ had once made a fairly obvious public spectacle of Himself. . . . Yes, but that was another country and another age, and there's no time now for tomfoolery.

In fairness to the clergy, I will say that if a clergyman has no Standing at all, if his church is an old, two-by-four barn out in nowhere, he's likely to be a peace marcher. One minister of this order drove thirty-five miles to join us.

College faculties are a poor source. I collected only two professors besides myself, one of whom was a Quaker. (The Quakers of course are push-overs. All you have to do to

make the Quakers happy is to yell "peace march." They'll come running.) The students would have been far more responsive — at least they indicated so — but most of them were gone on vacation.

The day of the Great March came and all of twelve people showed up for the commencement. (The march swelled and unswelled like an accordion as we wended our way through town.) The police were polite and most cooperative. The citizenry was most baffled. A few people, but very few, heckled us. Nobody offered violence. A couple of nincompoops asked us what kind of nuts we were, but we weren't sure ourselves, so we didn't say anything. I don't know whether or not the FBI was on our trail, but I didn't see any silk-hatted sleuths lurking around corners of buildings or taking furtive pictures of us. Maybe the FBI has finally decided to chase the Syndicate instead of us desperadoes.

I'LL CONCLUDE with three pieces of incidental information which come in handy to anyone who is thinking of organizing a peace march. In the first place, peace marchers walk faster than you might expect. I had charted a course of seven miles, thinking

to take at least four hours at a leisurely pace in deference to cripples and elderly ladies. But during the march, I found that the cripples and elderly ladies didn't need much deference, so I added at least another half-mile to the journey, and we still completed the course in less than three hours.

Secondly, the popular myth that anyone who undertakes to organize a peace walk will be heckled to death, may be exaggerated. I personally have initiated other public exhibitions of a faintly unpopular nature, and I have frequently been heckled — especially by phone. But this time I did not receive a single phone call, even though the newspaper gave us front-page headlines.

Finally, peace marches are bracing. They purify the blood, cleanse the spleen. They make you feel like a human being. Moreover, they remind you what lousy condition you're in. If you're too fat — and who isn't? — what better way to get rid of the fat? Let's have sit-ups for peace, push-ups for peace, hundred-yard dashes for peace. That way we can get our bodies into almost as good condition as we hope our souls are in.

But above all, let's have peace.

EXPERIMENT FOR ADDICTS . . . by Walker Winslow

Santa Monica, Calif.
ABOUT two and a half years ago, a group of drug addicts banded together under the leadership of ex-alcoholic Charles E. "Chuck" Dederich, rented an old store building in the least desirable section of Santa Monica's beach front, close to the beatnik pads of Venice West, and became Synanon, Inc., a California corporation for the business of rehabilitating former drug addicts. This they did, with dubious success at the beginning, but with the initial

WALKER WINSLOW, author of The Menninger Story and If a Man Be Mad (Doubleday), is now writing a book about the Synanon experiment.

approval of the police, who dropped in to have coffee and dance with the girls. Santa Monica's only daily paper, *The Evening Outlook*, then wrote favorably of "these people who have hit bottom; and want to start climbing the ladder back to normal society—back to the world of 'squares'."

In the meantime, Synanon was climbing, but not very fast. Dope peddlers abounded in its neighborhood and on a historic evening, now known as "The night of the big cop-out," about half of Synanon's guests admitted to Dederich, their host, that they were still using drugs occasionally. Obviously, the environment was wrong; but the police, when called upon, didn't seem in-

clined to do much about it. There were also the health and housing violations, with twenty-five or more men sleeping and eating in a room not designed for the purpose (the women slept in a separate apartment). The building was condemned and Synanon had to find a new home. Then some members of a prominent theatrical club agreed to pay two years' rent on whatever quarters could be found.

Jutting toward the Pacific Ocean, as a virtual prow for the city of Santa Monica, was an old, three-story beach club of Bedlam Gothic built during one of the booms. Chuck Dederich grabbed it. Just up the beach lived the quality folk of the film and TV world. Overnight, the

lost souls who were "fighting their way back to normal society," to quote the *Outlook*, had arrived. But Santa Monica's Chief of Police, Otto Faulkner, made a sudden and amazingly acute discovery. "We don't like the type of people it [Synanon] attracts here," he told the *Outlook*. "The place attracts felons and narco's." (Chief Faulkner admits, however, he has never had cause to arrest anyone from the Synanon House.)

A "Beach Front Property Owners Association" had been organized for the general welfare of the beach. The property owners trembled when they heard of this invasion by dangerous "felons." To startle the citizens further, Louise Randall Pierson, an *Outlook* columnist, got out her dictionary and edited the definition of "felony" to read: "usually of greater enormity [in crime], as treason, murder, rape, robbery, arson, etc."

Citizens who had been thoughtfully, and perhaps rightfully, alarmed by drug addicts became genuinely frightened; especially Brian Aherne, a large property holder, and the women, mostly wives of actors, directors, producers and the like. As the property owners circulated a petition for the removal of Synanon, the stories of its potential atrocities developed apace. Synanon has eighteen Negro members, but all petitioners deny that this had anything to do with the issue.

A CITY COUNCIL meeting was swiftly called. The wife of a movie star ran hysterically through the Synanon building, thus becoming an eyewitness. "People were necking," she reported to the City Council. "It looked like a cocktail party." Citizens broke into tears as they asked that Synanon be removed to protect their children, their homes, lives, and property values from addicts who had already been "menacing" the beach a mile south for over a year without causing alarm. City Attorney Robert Cockins, deeply moved, said, "I intend to file criminal complaints for violations of the Health and Safety Code, the Santa Monica Municipal Code, The Welfare and Institutions Code, and Santa Monica Ordinances."

The only thing the officials and

the citizens hadn't reckoned with was that there is no one so contentious as former addicts when anyone challenges their right to cure themselves in their own way and in a place of their own choosing. Slumbering in Attorney Vincent Cavanaugh, a former addict and a member of both Synanon and the California Bar in good standing, was the stealthiness of a righteous sidewinder. The battle was joined, as they say.

Both before and after moving from the old store-front building, Synanon had made marked changes for the better in its methods and procedures as a community of ex-drug addicts. This is borne out by the word of reliable observers and by its present status. Even the openly hostile Chief of Police stated to me on January 12, this year, that he had no doubt that "all seventy of the former drug addicts now connected with Synanon are 'clean'"—free of drugs.

Aside from Narcotics Anonymous, which could not supply a live-in situation for addicts, there was no precedent for Synanon; it had to advance by trial and error. Dederich, when he moved his clan up among the "squares" whose society he was sure they were now fit for, ordered that new members could not leave the building unless escorted by older members. Good taste was enforced within and without the walls. The old building was repainted inside and outside and redecorated. Dormitories for the girls were arranged on the lower floor; those for the men two floors above. The living room, dining room, a legal office, rest room and kitchen were on the floor between. But since *sex* and *dope fiends* have emerged in press-fed folklore with a twinship more binding than *initiative* and *free enterprise*, the neuter second floor ceased to have any existence for rumor mongers.

In the meantime Dederich had developed seemingly workable methods for helping dope fiends abstain from dope: (1) Synanon House was a real home for people who were dedicated to staying off drugs and finding themselves; (2) at daily seminars, they whetted their appetite for learning; (3) in small, leaderless groups they met three evenings each week to "release hostilities" and ex-

pose and discuss dangerous thinking and tendencies as they saw them in themselves and others at Synanon.

Dederich made no extravagant claims, but he wanted the addicts of Synanon House to pride themselves on the fact that they comprised the largest group of abstaining addicts living behind open doors anywhere on the planet. This seems to have been continually true.

Synanon took dope fiends as they came. It required that they kick their habit "cold turkey"—without drugs or medical help. Twenty-four-hour-a-day sympathy was available, as were massage, egg-nogs and observation. Even after the organization acquired Bernard W. Casselman, M.D., as a family doctor, he treated only the illnesses and injuries that might occur in any family and he did this without charge. Had an addict become dangerously ill during withdrawal, he would have been taken to the emergency hospital. The total stock of drugs at Synanon was some vitamins and aspirin. A visitor to Synanon might have thought it to be anything but a hospital.

AND YET, on August 28, 1959, Synanon was cited with five misdemeanor counts of violations of codes having to do with operating a hospital: (1) operating an establishment for the care and treatment of the insane; (2) operating a hospital without a license; (3) treating an addict for addiction; (4) violating fire regulations pertaining to hospitals; (5) operating a hospital in an R-4 zone.

The members of the famous theatrical club withdrew their offer of rent for Synanon as soon as the charges were filed. More people from Synanon simply went out to work and made up the deficit.

The trial dragged along for two months. It took place in the Court of Municipal Judge Hector P. Baida. The proceedings were casual in the extreme. Sex was at once introduced, although it had no bearing on the matters at hand. When an objection was made, the judge said disarmingly, "It may not be pertinent, but it's interesting." After that he often remarked that where "women are living on one floor and men on another,

something is bound to be going on."

Dr. Jerome M. Kummer, a psychiatrist, at once denounced the "cold turkey" treatment of addicts as unscientific and dangerous. As it happens, "cold turkey" withdrawal is routine in state hospitals, jails and other penal institutions. Dr. Casselman, appearing for the defense, encountered innuendos about his being addicted to narcotics because he admitted to having a shot of Demerol once when he had sprained his back. Clearing that hurdle, he seemed to prove that the "cold turkey" method was the most widely accepted by the medical profession and that he had never seen Synanon members practicing medicine or psychiatry.

The judge was now remarking amiably, from time to time, "I know they [Synanon] are not operating a hospital and that the work they are doing is commendable, but something is wrong." As Dederich and the Synanon board members appeared in their own defense, he was overtly friendly. He also seemed pleased when State Hospital Inspector, Charles Feldman, testified that Synanon was not a hospital in any sense of the word.

In the middle of the trial, the Santa Monica City Council called another meeting to zone Synanon out of existence. But as member after member of Synanon got up, after the manner of Salvation Army "testifiers," and told his or her story, tears began to flow on both sides. Even the *Outlook* editorial writer was softened. The council decided against creating an ordinance against narcotic rehabilitation as had been planned, and decided to license Synanon as a boarding house for five dollars a year. For once, the City of Santa Monica and Synanon embraced and mingled their tears. The beach set was absent from this meeting.

As the trial drew to a close, the arguments for both sides having been heard, Judge Baida turned to Vince Cavanaugh, the ex-addict who had taken over Synanon's defense, and asked, "What shall I do?"

"Find us not guilty on the basis of the evidence, of course, Your Honor," Cavanaugh replied genially.

"There is something wrong some-



where," the judge said. "I have to find you guilty of something."

"In that case I'll appeal, Your Honor," said Cavanaugh.

"Then what charge shall I find you guilty of?"

"Of the third count, if it pleases Your Honor," replied Cavanaugh, deeming that the third count, that of illegally treating an addict, offered the best grounds for an appeal.

The judge thereupon found the defendants, Dederich and two Synanon board members, guilty of counts three and five, the latter having to do with a zoning ordinance that would enable the court to order vacation of the premises. Later, the defendants were sentenced to vacate the building by May 10, 1960.

AS OF early 1961, Synanon was still operating at the controversial location, and while some of the petitioners with big homes on the beach have softened and even visit Synanon for social evenings, the majority are still strongly against it. One reason it continues to operate is that Robert W. Kenny, former Superior Court Judge and Attorney General for the State of California, came to Vincent Cavanaugh's assistance in appealing the case. The Appellate Division of the California Superior Court denied the appeal without prejudice, thus allowing the defendants to apply to the United States Supreme Court for *certiorari*, granting a stay of execution until the appeal was heard, which should be shortly.

A citizen's committee to investigate Synanon, that had been suggested by Dederich in early 1960, finally got down to its job in December of 1960. The five committee members spent a total of two hours on the Synanon premises, one staying thirteen minutes and another appearing not at all. Their report had to do with statistics showing that crime in Santa Monica had gone up 150 per cent in the first 10 months of 1960; that there had been seventeen arrests in the block where Synanon was located (by record, none from Synanon); but they didn't state that some of these arrests were made upon the complaint of Synanon, regarding some addicts who had moved in nearby. If there was any truth in the implications of the report, then the police were being derelict in their duty for not raiding Synanon at once.

This document set off the *Outlook*: "The evidence is now conclusive that Synanon should not be allowed to operate in any respectable community."

Fortunately, the *Outlook* and the dwellers on the better part of the beach don't represent Santa Monica as a whole or, perhaps, even a very big part. Today, most service clubs in the area have Synanon speakers at their luncheon meetings and respond with help of one sort and another. Synanon also sends speakers to schools and churches, with a uniformly enthusiastic reception. The pastor of a large church became so impressed with Synanon's group methods that he asked if he and some members of his congregation could receive instruction in their use. Local merchants contribute nearly \$5,000 in goods and services to Synanon each month. Five firms that have employed Synanon workers have been so satisfied that they have asked for others.

Jed Harris, the producer, exclaimed during a recent evening at Synanon, "I had no idea what I was coming to, but these people, whoever they are and whatever they are, reach right into my heart. They want to give, not take." On the same evening Steve Allen said to me: "Visiting the Synanon House has been an inspiring experience."

BOOKS and the ARTS

Banditry and the Reverse Strike

OUTLAWS. By Danilo Dolci. The Orion Press. 296 pp. \$4.95.

Norman Thomas di Giovanni

JUST OVER a hundred years ago insurrections against occupying Bourbon troops broke out in Palermo, Messina and Catania; and Garibaldi, in support of these outbreaks, landed with his red-shirted Thousand in the west of Sicily. Ten months later, in March of 1861, a parliament gathered in Turin and proclaimed the Kingdom of Italy. These events—links of one chain—mark neither the beginning nor the end of the long, long movement for political unity on the Italian peninsula. But they happened a century ago, and last month the anniversary of the Turin proclamation was observed in official acts even on this side of the Atlantic. ("Italian Unity" is what the alchemists call the celebration now, perhaps because nobody wants to be reminded of the ignominious end the monarchy came to in Italy.) Massachusetts, for one, declared an "Italian Week," and ambassadors and high officials of both governments got together for addresses at the Library of Congress. Writing a guest editorial for an issue of *The Saturday Review* that was devoted entirely to the commemoration, James D. Zellerbach, our recent ambassador to Italy, used phrases typical of the nice things that get said on such occasions: "With the creative energies of Italy fully utilized in freedom, there are no limits to what the Italian nation and people can accomplish. The United States has joined with Italians and other free peoples to protect their right to have this great opportunity."

BUT in the midst of these glossy praises, Danilo Dolci arrived in the United States armed with realities and with greater truths. Had anybody been really interested in celebrating the spirit of Italian unity, last month would have been Danilo Dolci Month. Because the true spirit of what Garibaldi fought for in Sicily a century ago is being carried forward by Danilo Dolci in the same corner of the island today, and among a

NORMAN THOMAS DI GIOVANNI has contributed several articles, as well as translations of Italian poetry, to The Nation.

people who by no means have lost the capacity for rebellion.

Outlaws contains the realities and the truths-with-an-edge. Using interviews and accounts written in their own language by the victims themselves—the same rich documentary technique that made his earlier *Report from Palermo* a masterpiece of social protest—Dolci holds inquest this time into conditions in the hill towns beyond Palermo, which after World War II became the scene of a major outbreak of banditry. In 1944 flour was rationed and many persons became sick from an endless diet of locust-beans; but the rich hoarded grain. A revolt broke out in the town of Partinico for an increase in the bread ration. It was an unorganized and chaotic affair that was not really suppressed so much as it simply ran down from the rebels' own lassitude. There followed a period of general starvation during which armed bands sprang up and engaged in cattle-thieving and kidnappings. Eventually these outlaws had to ally themselves with the Mafia or suffer murder or betrayal.

"Without unemployment," says Dolci, "there would have been no banditry." Yet, characteristically, the only action the government took was to send in police reinforcements. The following brief history, told by a bandit's wife, classically illustrates how men fell into this outlawry:

There was no work and one day he fell off an olive tree and broke his spine at the base of the neck. He walked with a limp afterwards and couldn't move one hand well. They gave him a pension, but it wasn't much, just 6,000 lire a month. We had two children. To earn more money he joined his brother smuggling [wheat]. . . . Then the police began to look for him as a smuggler and one day they found him and, so as not to be arrested, he ran away. . . . [And] joined up with five other bandits in the countryside.

It is significant that of a group of 147 outlaws in one town, 108 never went to school; that a laborer's wage for a ten-hour day is a dollar or less (it was half this amount until 1950); that, whatever the wage, there is work for only six months of the year; that one town's

25,000 arable acres are pulverized into 43,324 holdings, yielding the majority of proprietors each 12 or 15 cents a day; that the ballot is not secret and electors often vote against their conscience so as not to ruin a chance of one day emigrating to America. If you add to this the utter violence of daily existence—the murders, insanity, prison tortures and mysterious deaths—is it any wonder that "many, who are unwilling to be suffocated and die, rise in revolt," turning in desperation to banditry?

THERE is a second theme in *Outlaws* that goes far beyond describing the lives of the overwhelmingly oppressed—the story of individual initiative in conflict with governmental authority. It is this aspect of *Outlaws* that makes the book a necessary companion to *Report from Palermo*.

In the town where he built an orphan's home, Dolci noticed a small river running wasted to the sea, while the area's parched land not only resulted in unemployment and starvation, but drove men to seek criminal solutions. All that was needed was a dam and an irrigation project. In demanding that the authorities support such a project, Dolci announced that he would fast until something was done. He had already witnessed an infant's death by starvation and now in the same house where that child died Dolci decided to begin his hunger strike.

"Before anything'll be done," he told officials, "someone's got to die." "Him first and us afterwards," said Dolci's local followers, who were determined to lie down in Dolci's place as soon as he expired. After about ten days of fasting and when Dolci was near death from an ensuing stroke, officials came to tell him they would help get emergency funds from Palermo. Dolci, however, would not make the decision to accept—this action is typical of his method and reveals the man's profound courage—but left it to his people to decide whether the offer was fair. They thought so, and only then did Dolci take food.

That was the beginning. Later, still seeking support for damming the river and for other measures, such as securing state assistance for the families of convicts, Dolci sent out appeals to the press and leading authorities throughout Italy, announcing a so-called reverse strike. In order to demonstrate that there was work to be done and men

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willing to do it, Dolci was going to lead a group to repair a neglected stretch of road. But the police were having no unauthorized demonstrations and, dispersing the workers, arrested Dolci and others. Their trial — presented in *Outlaws* by letters, documents and court transcripts — became the trial of Article IV of the Italian Constitution, which begins, "The Republic recognizes the right of all citizens to work and insures the conditions necessary to render this right effective." The public prosecutor upheld the right of workingmen to strike, but a reverse strike, he said,

could be used by unprincipled individuals for illicit ends. The Constitution guarantees to the citizen the right to work but does not, and could never, admit of the interpretation that the citizen has the right to obtain work by arbitrary action. If this were the case, public order would be undermined.

And so Dolci was found guilty of most of the seven charges against him and served fifty days in prison. But by then the hypocrisy of democratic government in Italy, even the new Republican Italy, was badly exposed and the eyes of the

world were on that western corner of Sicily.

Dolci's is a new and unorthodox movement, part reform and part revolution, that is clear of the interference of either church or party. It has a good smell because it shuns fanaticism, dogmatism and ready-made systems and may yet prove the beginning of the great untried revolution, the one that takes shape from the bottom up. For in Dolci's view the people must "move of their own volition towards freedom." Last month everyone was praising Italian democracy and, like the statement of the ex-ambassador quoted above, all the words fell into that vast limbo between truth and lies which can only be called obscurity. The words were part of our tendency nowadays to worship nations and social organizations as ends in themselves. But Dolci and the movement he generates make us aware that a democratic government is, or should be, only a means of bringing a good life to its members and bringing it *now*. In a world that is in danger of acquiring more and more government and less and less democracy, Dolci's decision to build a dam on a remote stream in Sicily becomes an unambiguous universal issue.

Jig into Eternity

SEAN O'CASEY: *The Man and His Work*. By David Krause. The Macmillan Company. 340 pp. \$4.50.

THE EXPERIMENTS OF SEAN O'CASEY. By Robert Hogan. St. Martin's Press. 215 pp. \$5.

Kevin Sullivan

"To praise O'Casey is like praising the lakes of Killarney."—Brendan Behan.

WHATEVER the value of that as criticism, it is beyond doubt the kindest word spoken by one Irishman about another in the twentieth century. For the cardinal sin of the Irish is not, as some have suspected, chastity; it is, as Joyce knew, envy. A people of lost causes, the Irish were long ago hardened and heartened to endure all things but success, especially their neighbors' success. So it is that the Irish writer — in all else no more perverse than the next fellow — is most unreliable precisely when he is talking about that which he knows best: himself and his fellow-writer. Brendan Behan is an exemplary exception, but only because he had — a fact well publicized

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April 29, 1961

in *Borstal Boy* — the benefit of an English education. In any event, he is more than kind, he is accurate about O'Casey who, like the lakes of Killarney, is himself beyond envy.

This eminence is not due to longevity alone — though, as in the case of Somerset Maugham, the public mind tends after a time to confuse a simple refusal to die with the more profound affirmations of literature. Nor is it due to any combination of qualities which the critical mind may arrange for the apotheosis, or rearrange for the anathematization, of any one of O'Casey's great contemporaries — Joyce, Yeats, or Shaw. It is a quality of the man more than of the writer. Yeats exploited himself, Joyce any number of selves, and Shaw just about everybody; but O'Casey was no exploiter. He was and is always and only himself, which was — and is — a good deal. He was a city child, a child from the slums, but one whose recurrent dream was of the country. And, like a modern Piers Plowman, he accepted this dream as vision, and to it he committed himself without reserve, without dismay, without a second thought. Without, some say, any thought at all.

O'Casey's audiences may be dismayed at some of his wilder "experiments"; his readers may — good-naturedly — reserve judgment on his "politics"; and the critic may give a second thought, but no more, to his "ideas." But all this is beside the point, for the value of the man lies elsewhere — in the mountain lakes and emerald isles that as a child he never knew and as a man so passionately remembered. For O'Casey is the last of the great romantics for whom nature is still an unspoiled Eden, and man not a salvageable beast but a joyous, if badgered, angel. Free from the fetters of priest, politician and policeman, his destiny is to jig his way into eternity which, O'Casey insists, lies everywhere around us if only we had the sense to open our eyes and the courage to keep them open. And — who is to say? — he may be right.

IN the early plays (*Gunman, Juno, Plough and Stars*) O'Casey's proletariat is really a peasantry transplanted, to theatrical advantage, from the West of Ireland to the slums of Dublin. The clue to this is in the talk of the displaced *personae*: the idiom is Dublin, sure enough; but the rhythm is of the West — the comic West of the *Playboy* and the tragic West of *Riders to the Sea*. It is a language spoken by no mortal man — least of all by Dubliners — a literary language invented by John Millington Synge years before O'Casey had found himself a stage. But it is also a language eminently suited to O'Casey's purpose, for the ultimate West is *Tirnanog*, Celtic Ireland's dreamy anticipation of the Eden of the romantics. In the later plays — rustic gambols like *Cock-a-Doodle Dandy* and *Purple Dust* — the setting as well as the language is countrified, and what in the Dublin cycle had been an intense fusion of high tragedy and low comedy is dissipated now in barnyard farce — damned funny at times — full of cardboard cows and symbolic roosters.

For the plays in between — *Tassie, Red Roses* and the rest — Robert Hogan's book is a good enough guide for anyone with courage enough to traverse those ideological hells. First written apparently as a Ph.D. thesis, it still bears the scars of uphill battle — honorable, or at least interesting, wounds to those who have been to the same kind of war, but to the ordinary peaceful reader no more than distracting blemishes. Yet despite its slapdash pedantry, it serves a useful purpose in its extended analysis of O'Casey's plays. At its best it is informative, even illuminating, about O'Casey as "theatre"; at its worst it can

be downright silly as when, for example, Hogan equates the style of O'Casey with that of Jonathan Swift. But between best and worst, this is a good book, especially for producers, directors, actors perhaps, and other candidates for the Ph.D.

David Krause's study of O'Casey is the most solid and satisfactory to date — a comprehensive, carefully weighed, conscientiously documented evaluation of the whole body of O'Casey's work right down to the last installment of his lyrical autobiography. Believing that criticism, no more than art, can exist in a vacuum, Krause starts his analyses from the historical realities of the moment at which each work appeared. Since these realities in Ireland had often a

nightmarish quality, this task is as difficult as it is necessary, and Krause performs it with earnest good sense. He wavers only when, in his admiration for O'Casey, he is drawn too closely into the thick of a fight — the squabble with Yeats over the *Tassie* is an example in point—and judgment yields to partisanship. He is more judicious (and most determined) in his defense of the controversial experiments of O'Casey's "middle" period; though even here the defense may strike many as academic. For however convincing Krause may be about O'Casey's intention, integrity and technical skill in these plays, history is still unconvinced of their success.

There are two reasons for this. The ideas O'Casey attempts to manipulate

are constantly going into solution, dissolving into pools of feeling; and those feelings, bred in the brain instead of the blood, and finding no adequate correlative in language, emerge in the plays as rhetoric, not poetry. To handle emotion adequately a writer must be, or have been, "involved"; to handle ideas adequately he must always be "detached." In all his long career O'Casey — now over eighty — has spurned detachment and held to his vision. In the last volume of his autobiography he tells us:

Sean had no learning, no knowledge — what he set down were but his feelings moulded with words; there they were and there they'd stay.

True and honest enough. And for this we praise the man, whatever our final judgment of the writer.

The Art of Aping

PARODIES: An Anthology from Chaucer to Beerbohm—and After. Edited by Dwight MacDonald. Random House. 574 pp. \$7.50.

Joseph Carroll

DWIGHT MACDONALD has taken parody in its broadest sense in order to accommodate his own intelligent but far-ranging taste in comic writing. In an entertaining preface he indicates that he will be held to no strict definition, but will make room for almost anything that makes him laugh. The laugh, of course, must be at the expense of literature—of particular writers or of modes of writing. He considers the distinctions between parody and burlesque, travesty and lampoon, in a conscientious appendix, but mainly to get them out of the way as discrete forms or techniques. They are all, he believes, elements of a mocking spirit whose mission is to police letters, lest they get above themselves with solemnity or beside themselves with self-admiration. A habit of words or even the surfaces of a style are, according to him, comparatively easy to deride by imitation. It is harder, and worthier, to expose absurdities that lie deeper—in attitudes toward life itself, superstitious ones, or bigoted, vain-glorious and greedy.

It might be argued that satire is the word he wants here. But it is Mr. MacDonald's book and he is entitled to

JOSEPH CARROLL, editor and critic, contributes short stories regularly to a wide variety of magazines.

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THE GOLDEN KEY

A Study of the Fiction of George MacDonald

Robert L. Wolff rediscovers one of the most astonishing and controversial literary figures of Victorian England, remembered today as the author of *The Princess and the Goblin* and *At the Back of the North Wind*. \$6.00

Yale University Press



New Haven, Connecticut

the idiom that suits him, for his anthology is an achievement of light-hearted scholarship. The extensive notes are full of gossip information and sometimes criticism, sensitive and liberal about matters that go well beyond parody, though in the end he always has a relevant point to make. What can they know of parody, he seems to ask, who only parody know? It is a bookish game, best played by literary insiders like Mr. MacDonald; and it takes some ferreting in the notes to find the point of the joke in some of his selections. But the notes are amusing in their own right, parodying a more academic kind of annotation. Even the title is a little waggish, suggesting one of those alarming textbooks which undertake to survey literature, as the actual name of one has it, *From Beowulf to Hardy*.

MR. MACDONALD deals fairly enough with the promise of his title: he makes a plausible case for Chaucer as an occasional parodist, and for Shakespeare and others. But it isn't until he comes up to the deliberate parodists of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries that he is on comfortable ground. It's one thing to caricature a writer or a school as an incidental device in a play or a novel, as Shakespeare did with John Lyly and the Euphuists in his comedies, or as Jane Austen lampooned spooky romance in *Northanger Abbey*. But it is another to mimic scrupulously the language and thought of a great eccentric like Robert Browning, as J. K. Stephen did in his classic verses about the idolatries of the Browning Society ("There's a Me Society down at Cambridge."); or to catch Henry James inching up on an idea, clause by devious clause, until, when the last qualification is entered, the idea appears to have made itself wonderfully scarce, frightened away by the commas—as Max

War

(from the Spanish of Miguel Hernández)

The aged in the villages.
The heart, ownerless.
Love has no object.
Grass, dust, crow.
And youth?
In the coffin.
A tree, withered and apart.
A woman like a log
widowed in her bed.
Hatred has no end.
And youth?
In the coffin.

EDWIN HONIG

Beerbohm caught him in *The Christmas Garland*.

With Beerbohm, Mr. MacDonald points out, parody came close to the stature of high art, and there has been no one since to match him in sustained achievement. He gave the treatment—not to say the business—to every major writer of his time. It is Mr. MacDonald's sound notion that parody is as much tribute as it is criticism. G. K. Chesterton, one of Beerbohm's victims, learned from him how gently the lamb may be brought to sacrifice, and imagined William Butler Yeats changing the first lines of "Old King Cole" to read:

*Of an old king in a story
From the gray sea folk I have heard
Whose heart was no more broken
Than a bird.*

It's very pretty — and excellent parody of the early Yeats. In E. B. White's take-off of Ernest Hemingway, "Across the Street and into the Grill," there is affection as well as rebuke: "I'm fleshed up a little around the crook of the elbow but I commute good."

BUT parody can also be cold with contempt, as in Edmund Wilson's verses in the Archibald MacLeish manner, as amusing as they are unjust. It can be savage, as in a remarkable play review by Kenneth Tynan, who parodies the idiot squalor of a William Faulkner plot in the empty whimsies of which Thornton Wilder is sometimes capable. Mr. Tynan also contrives to work off some rage against racial discrimination and the debasement of culture in the service of imperialist diplomacy. That's getting around.

Mr. MacDonald's inclusion of James Joyce does something toward rescuing him from critical stuffiness. Some of the excerpts from *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake* are among the funniest in the book. But the implications of Joyce's kind of parody are alarming and—some people might think—past a joke. Like Lewis Carroll before him, but more recklessly, he parodied the very nature of language. The worship of words, in the dogmas of politics no less than religion, made history the nightmare from which Joyce was trying to awake. Words are versatile in workaday uses, exquisite in imaginative ones. But dearly as he loved them, Joyce may have held with A. N. Whitehead that they are almost useless as instruments of thought; and thought, after all, is what will have to save us if we're ever to be saved. But to chase hares like these would need a more spacious context than I am given here.

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THEATRE

Harold Clurman

JEROME KERN and Oscar Hammerstein's *Show Boat* (City Center) was first produced in 1927. I saw it then in the company of Lee Strasberg (I cannot help reminiscing in connection with this show) and though we were sitting a long distance from the stage we were both so deeply impressed with Helen Morgan as Julie that most other aspects of the production have faded from my memory. Since then I must have seen this musical on at least five different occasions. I have enjoyed it every time. I doubt whether any other American musical is quite as enduring.

The main reason for this is the nostalgic charm of Kern's score. Almost every song was a hit. To this day the songs retain all the pervasive fragrance and tenderness they had in the old days. I suspect that even in 1927 the score was meltingly redolent of those same good old days—situated not so much in time or place but in some astral area of our national conscience. The music of *Show Boat* seems to create fraternity in its audience.

More surprising is the fact that the sentimental story still brings a lump to our throat and tears to our eyes. The plot includes such ingredients as the abiding love of a white actor for Julie his part-Negro wife (in the Mississippi of the eighties), the epic stoicism of the Negro laborer who slaves on the levee, the romance of Magnolia, the sweet young thing who begins as a rank amateur on the show boat, falls in love with a gentleman gambler deliciously named Gay Ravenal and ends up as a Broadway star in the most sparkling epoch of our theatre. In this span of years Magnolia bears a child (to be convent-educated), enjoys the hazardous good fortune of her husband's game, suffers stretches of rooming-house poverty, is abandoned by Gay (whose act is one of deep consideration and gallant sentiment) and is re-joined by him back on the old show boat when their little girl has grown to be a dewy cutie.

All this is terribly trite, one says to oneself after the fact, but the judgment is mostly self-conscious and hypocritical. The story works: it is basic theatre fable, and he is indeed a cold turnip who can resist it.

CARNIVAL! is a grand *show* (Imperial). "Show" is the exact word, for it succeeds only through its showmanship. Of melodies that might be memorable

there are practically none and the nice story about Lili the little waif from the (French) provinces who joins the itinerant circus — which I am told made a nice MGM movie some years ago — fails to be genuinely touching precisely because the talent of this production has been lavished entirely on externals.

Anna Maria Alberghetti as Lili is an unconventional type with her thin body, her pale face, her wide slit of a mouth, her large dark eyes and her admirably delicate singing. (If only she had some real music to sing.) She is dramatically right: her whole being proclaims a true and most sympathetic person. Whatever effectiveness the story achieves — and several ladies near me did weep — is largely her creation.

The wounded hero of the story is the carnival's puppeteer. His puppets are thoroughly disarming and their various voices and words are winning as well as funny. Jerry Orbach is in top form when he speaks through them. He is a handsome young man but he has been directed to be rather monotonously aggrieved or — more accurately — sore. Kaye Ballard as the carnival's Incomparable Rosalie is a robust trouper who brings an old-fashioned comic gusto to the first act number in which she threatens her magician boy friend with the prospect of marriage to a Zurich doctor. There is also a captivating performance by the French actor Pierre Olaf whose mask is that of a philosophic clown — nimble, intelligent, warm — with an oddly querulous expression that reminds one of a Daumier drawing.

THE most notable feature of the evening, however, is Gower Champion's staging. He keeps the performance lively and theatrically glamorous throughout. The movement is always fluid, colorful and continuous. He has been given remarkable assistance by Will Steven Armstrong's mobile and atmospheric settings (in addition to very fine lighting) and by the best costumes of the season (far superior to the much vaunted clothes in *Camelot*) contributed by Freddy Wittop. These costumes are admirable because they have character and are organic to the play instead of being "plates" or display goods for actors to put on their bodies.

Since the girls in the production numbers do not have to be great dancers, they have been chosen with an eye to their looks. Most of them — thank God

and Gower Champion — are even sexy, a rather rare quality in our recent musicals. (Flo Ziegfeld would turn over in his grave if he could behold some of the chorus lines recently exposed to view.) The same is true of the men, who are not only attractive but appear virile as well as strong, I told you it was a good show.

ART

Fairfield Porter

TRADITION is not ideal, nor an idea, but incarnate. It is the form of art and culture; a traditionalist is on the side of civilization. Artistic traditionalists are, for instance, Poussin, who transmitted Italian form to France; Arshile Gorki, who transmitted French form to America; and Picasso, who transmits forms from all the civilizations revealed by archaeology. He is the white counterpart of the cannibal in the silk hat, displacing forms into new contexts. He has skill of hand, transmitting through his nerves and fingers. Form is the stroke, and the forms of civilizations are manners. A stroke of Picasso echoes the stroke of an African sculptor or a Roman painter, or Ingres, Cézanne or Matisse.

THE American artist most like this, except that he does not displace forms into new contexts, is Robert Motherwell, now showing at the Janis Gallery. He transmits the art of his contemporaries, through his fingers, not his mind. But his is not action painting like that of Pollock, who was a beginner, nor like Clyfford Still, who searches for something new. Motherwell's art is traditional the way Japanese art has been, transmitting productions of a Chinese-derived civilization. It has conservative grace, and Motherwell is the conservator of modernism. His least touch has a formality distilled from the habits of modern painters.

Motherwell believes in the formality of his own time, which is called informality. He completely accepts his era. Even his belief in novelty (which he has stated) is conservative. His is the conservatism of the soft shirt, the open collar, the modern chair — a decorous liberalism. He has no awkwardness at all: everything is in the right place.

But this is only the outside of his painting. His acceptance of his era is so uncritical as to be liberating. The collages with only a few torn pieces of paper, torn in only a few places, only one wrapper (gressins LABOUCHEDE in

the collage entitled *The French Line*), the few stripes, the mat colors, the splatter that is free and elegant, the civilized humor, a sense of proportion that avoids the heavy and is never thin, the black, white, maroon-brown, buff, plus stripes of a pink, baby blue or orange which are at once opaque and radiant — all these formalities contain something animate. There are, of course, the *Monster (For Charles Ives)*, the many figures in black or colored silhouettes with polite sexual connotations such as one might expect to result from a successful psychoanalysis. But the animate content is not just where Motherwell points to it in his titles: it is equally in *Painting*, in *Black and White* (which is like Kline, with none of Kline's trouble over color), and in *Striped Above* (two horizontals above a splatter). This last one makes mess into an organism. It is as if a lively pet animal, with an accepted place in the family, neither over-nor under-trained, sought to prove that it is truly housebroken because it is freely incontinent. His paintings are organisms in which nature and civilization are in harmony. The animation is an inner light. I can imagine a Quaker producing art like Motherwell's. Motherwell is of his time and very much in it.

ANOTHER painter of this time, but not in it, is Elaine de Kooning, whose non-objective paintings seem motivated by intelligence and will. She had another exhibition earlier this season at the Graham Gallery, where she now shows again with Norman Blum, in an exhibition of murals for modern architecture. Both she and Blum are non-objective. They answer the challenge of modern architecture, in which the wall is a screen hanging from a structural skeleton; therefore there is no need to "establish" the wall, for the architect himself has just got through disestablishing it. Blum's paintings are for the wall. The largest, approximately twenty feet by ten feet high, has the naturalistic subject matter of non-objective painting, so that combined with architecture, it does what the tangle of trees seems to do on the fourth floor terrace of the Lever building. But Miss de Kooning's paintings, curled around columns, disestablish the supporting skeleton. Her abstractions, for all their dashing contemporaneity, do not seem to liberate her talent, which is a very great one. They simulate a life not her own. It is as though she were making conversation. She admires what the forms of non-objective painting stand for, but that fails to put her in the movement, any more than admiration for the vitality of the

Church makes one a Christian. Intelligence and will are not enough.

Miss de Kooning is of this time, but not in it. She is not traditional, she is an original. She is also exhibiting, at the Roland de Aenlle Gallery, the kind of thing that liberates her talent, what she uniquely can do. The show is a series of most extraordinary drawings, especially those of people, for example several of Harold Rosenberg, which are among the more penetrating portraits made today. There is also one huge painting of two young men, about one and a half as large as life. This painting alone is worth a trip to any gallery.

One is immediately sure that these young men look exactly the way she has abstracted them, so strong is the impact. It is the first time that I have seen her handle, in a portrait, her abstract color so that it integrates with the drawing and the likeness. They stand casually in ordinary and apparently very characteristic clothes, one in a striped green windbreaker and red scarf, the other in a charcoal gray suit; and the wrinkles of the clothes, or lack of them, grow out from inside. The contour, appearing and disappearing, has an inspired looseness. The shape of the heads and bodies have inspired specificity. The features are barely indicated, except for two pairs of intensely shining eyes, one pair gray under dark smooth hair, the other brown under a blonde flourish, looking out from under the brows. The stripes of the clothes continue and counter the pink, violet, apple green, white and heavy yellow of the background and the orange of the faces and hair.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

FELLINI'S *La Dolce Vita* has been the most-eagerly-awaited picture in recent show business history. You may recall that audiences in Italy were outraged to the point where patriotic old gentlemen were moved to spit in the direction of Signor Fellini, and we have been feverishly assured that an exposé so naked has rarely been committed to print and certainly never to film. In view of this heady build-up, I regret to report that Roman depravity has suffered a sad loss of verve and inventiveness since the days of the late Caesars.

Perhaps the exposé would be more shocking if one knew who all these sloppy drinkers and nuzzlers were sup-

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posed to be, or how they happened to have staggered within range of Fellini's cameras. But except for the hero, a gossip columnist whose charm, perhaps, is that he looks like a good many American movie actors (Marcello Mastroianni), we don't get in with the crowd enough to care who sleeps with whom. There is also the point that several of the bit players bear such names in real life as Prince don Eugenio Ruspoli di Poggio Suasa and donna Doris Pignatelli principessa di Monteroduni: members of the audience who specialize in that sort of bird-watching may be transfixed to discover these fancy specimens with their ties loosened and their garter belts exposed. They looked to me like the country club bunch at a "come as the most dreadful person you know" party.

I've rarely seen so many actors on a busman's holiday. Everyone in Europe with a make-up kit must have rushed to Rome that summer to do something outrageous for Signor Fellini; but few of them could stay around long enough for us to get really acquainted. It was great, for example, to see Anita Ekberg again, but I'd hardly become adjusted anew to her measurements before the scene changed and we were looking in on another crowd of naughty children kicking the dawn around. Sordid behavior is shocking only if something worth saving is destroyed; in itself it is only boring, like a noisy party next door.

Anouk Aimee is billed as a nymphomaniac, which is a painful disease. I

might have worked up some sympathy for the plight of the character Miss Aimee plays, for she also seemed to be a nice, intelligent girl.

Fellini pretends to be ripping the Venetian blinds off Italian society, but he doesn't bother with the hard work that would make such a project effective. What do these people represent, where do they fit in, how did they get this way, what do they think of one another? It's not enough to say "some people are idle and rich and promiscuous and drunken." Of course, but who cares? The picture has the animation that can be imposed by lavish use of powerful automobiles, strident music and abrupt cutting. But it sadly lacks activity from within all these busy bodies.

When Fellini does try to get beneath the surface—as in the case of one Steiner, a misanthropic "intellectual" with a terrible gift for sophomoric gab; or in the episode where the hero's dear papa comes to Rome for an outing—the film plunges into an unbecoming German sentimentality. There is a fine mob scene involving the commercial exploitation of a fake miracle; during that episode, real evil and real pain are the issues. And the film's chorus — young "free-lance" news cameramen who swarm around sensation like dispassionate flies around tainted meat—is an authentic symbol of debasement. But with these exceptions, *La Dolce Vita* is a great crowd of actors behaving with listless impropriety and no attempt at a sustained idea. When it comes to debauchery, this picture isn't in the same class with *Rain*.

PEOPLE with appetite for the salt of real life are advised to take a look at *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*, made from Alan Sillitoe's excellent novel of the same name. Arthur Seaton, a young and expert Nottingham factory worker, is a rough and roisterous boy who hurts a good many people, particularly the married woman on whom he trespasses. Arthur's problem is that he is a romantic in a mill town; he's bright and strong and imaginative, and he tries to get more out of his weekends than Nottingham can really provide. He is not one of the rebels who pre-empt so much of English fiction at present—he wants to be just what he is; only he feels there should be more zest to it. Trouble is the only answer he can find.

At the end, Arthur is going to marry a girl who is strong enough to match him, and who will tame him with sweet domesticity. It's the only way out—breaking up other men's homes and outraging all the old biddies in town is

no way out at all—still, it seems a pity.

The film is directed by Karel Reisz, a Czech who came to England before the war, with an edged clarity that makes the mundane scene and the ordinary happenings as exciting as cut crystal. Albert Finney and the two women who play opposite him, Shirley Ann Field and Rachel Roberts, are authentic in a way that our celebrated Hollywood fidelity seldom achieves. Fitness is not just a matter of wearing clothes and lighting cigarettes with a proper regard for type; it comes from far beneath the skin, a matter of conviction, not dress. The actors in *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* give off the right scent.

The Hitch-Hiker

He ran or,
as he drew near, hobbled.
As I helped him into the truck-bin
he was old;

what seemed at distance a white suit
was flapping underwear,
beard and hair spread like a kind
Medusa. Charlie

how I thought of you when this old one
revealed the contents
of his paper sack: black
rags swirled out

like death's own trappings. Braced
in the wind
he began to dress, the spits
of his legs jerking

in the gale, head thrown back, his
dust-smudged rump skidding
across hot steel. When he was tangled
to his knees he grinned at me:

I saw clenched between his teeth a peso,
a hummingbird, the arm
of a child caught between joists
of a caved in house. How

could I stop him?
I lurched forward snatching
dust I cursed every spirit
it was I who was destined to ride

with the most humble man
... he evaded me, he danced
against the cockpit and in a flourish
knotted his bow-tie

to stand erect, eyes made of clay,
arms crossed like the legs
of some children I have seen
babbling on curb-stones,

knees caked with blood,
sparrows pecking at grain
they have loosed from
their fingers.

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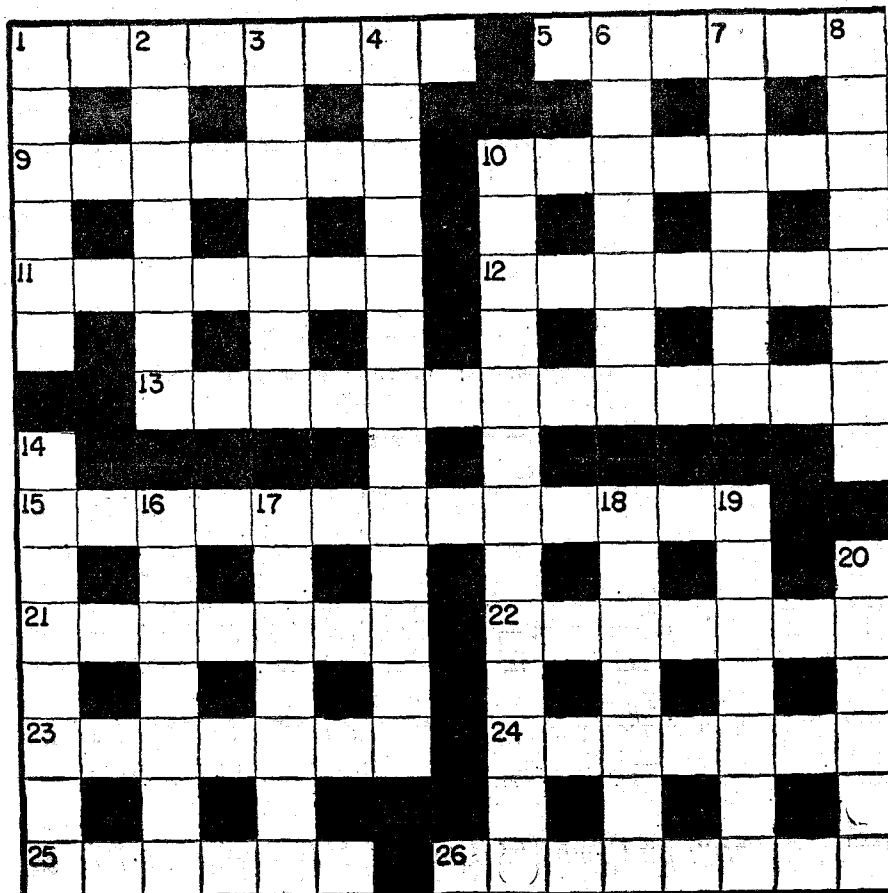
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Crossword Puzzle No. 913

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 Felt something forbidden at certain junctures? (4,4)
- 5 Ornament on the dress, as something given for services to one's favorite? (6)
- 9 Being Al, he wouldn't be an American Indian? (7)
- 10 Pointers? (7)
- 11 Doesn't go on torn-up side streets, in short. (7)
- 12 The right-minded such should not make 1 across. (7)
- 13 What our wives seem to want to indulge in, the dear things! (X-averages can't produce it.) (13)
- 15 Secret sin is no way to promote mediations! (13)
- 21 Would boarders have used an iron to do so? (7)
- 22 Proceeding by steps in part of the service? (7)
- 23 Does one possibly decline to do so? (7)
- 24 One might make even it a form of great simplicity. (7)
- 25 The sort of 20 which was searched for. (6)
- 26 Witty remarks involving a partridge roost? (8)

DOWN:

- 1 Look around the same place for the motive force. (6)
- 2 What secures stability to the exist-

ence of a stratagem? (7)

- 3 Used in surveying a passage. (7)
- 4 Talk about a check! This will get you back in. (13)
- 6 Where to find an equivalent of Artemis? (7)
- 7 Irenical. (7)
- 8 Refine the lower type, perhaps, in court. (4,4)
- 10 Uncompromising quality of the training scene. (13)
- 14 The way a bell goes without a middling sensation. (8)
- 16 A doubtful carpenter became it. (7)
- 17 Meaning-full? (7)
- 18 It's nothing to put on your auto in a combination that can be played. (7)
- 19 Romberg's Prince. (7)
- 20 Wool coat to take to the cleaners? (6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 912

ACROSS: 1 Thrashings; 6 Golf; 10 Shallop; 11 Dowager; 12 and 18 Mentally disturbed; 13 Ernes; 15 Epsom; 17 Indigence; 19 Evildoers; 21 and 14 Mixed vegetables; 23 Ankle; 24 Stuffing; 27 Leopard; 28 Beaches; 29 Slew; 30 Mendicants. DOWN: 1 Task; 2 Reapers; 3 Split; 4 Impulsive; 5 Giddy; 7 Organon; 8 Farmsteads; 9 Sweet gum; 16 Medieval; 20 Irsome; 22 Xanthin; 24 Sedge; 25 Franc; 26 Asks.

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